

# White Cloud



# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BY ANNE L. FROST.

Before I trust my fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine;  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine,  
Before I part all for thee,  
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slight bonds; nor feel  
A shadow of regret;  
I have no link within the past,  
That holds thy spirit yet!  
O, let thy faith be clear and true,  
As that which I can pledge to thee!

Does there within thy dimmed dream  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could breathe forth beauty,  
Untouched, unmarred by mine?  
If so, at any price or cost,  
O, tell me, before all is lost!

Look deeper still! If thou canst feel,  
Within thy inmost soul,  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have asked the whole;  
Let no false pity spare the blow,  
But in true manly love do so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine cannot fill?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still?  
Speak now—lest at some future day,  
My whole life wither and decay!

Lives there within thy nature hid  
The demon spirit change,  
Shedding a passing gleam of light,  
On all things we are strange?  
It may be that thy faith alone  
Shall shield thy heart against thy own!

"Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,  
And answer to my claim,  
That fate, and that to-day's mistake—  
Not thou—had been to blame?  
Some words that once were true,  
O, surely, thou wilt want to hear!"

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear!  
The words would come too late;  
Yet, I would answer thee all reasons—  
So comfort thou my fate!  
Whatever on my heart would fall—  
Remember, I would risk it all!

## Select Tale.

### ON THE TRAIL.

I am a police superintendent in a large town-making town, and for upwards of twenty years have had the care of a populous colliery district. The peculiar occupations of the people supply ample disguise for criminals in hiding. Who would look for a runaway clerk in the black face and coal-stained garments of a collier, or in the guise of a laborer in the iron-shed? It may be assumed, therefore, that in the course of so long a career, many a strange incident has come under my notice; none of these I may occasionally permit to the reader.

One, in particular, I remember well, as practically illustrating the remark made in the Times on the conviction of Miller, that crimes of conspicuous character are generally committed by the class that is least expected.

I was called, one evening, to quell a disturbance between several colliers and a party of Irishmen. The colliers, it appears, maddened with drink, had assailed the latter, driving them into a dwelling, and would speedily have killed one or more, but for the opportune arrival of the police. The night afterwards, I received a note from the railroad authorities, that a coal train had been thrown off the line by some miscreant or other, who had placed sleepers along the rails. Knowing that colliers working at a distance invariably returned by these trains, and remembering the struggle of the night before, I at once concluded this to be an attempt at Irish revenge, and pursued my investigations accordingly.

A few nights afterwards, another train was thrown off the track, as, in the former case, without harm to the men. But this second attempt seemed me on that certain suspected persons were speedily in custody. But I soon found these were not my men. It is useless for me to expatiate on the sneering signs by which innocence invariably asserts itself. The Irishmen were violent men in their cups, but most certainly incapable of the atrocious act of which they were accused.

Scarcely had a week passed, ere the whole neighborhood was thrilled with horror. At a distance of twelve miles from the town where I live, is another town, to which our merchants resorted in numbers every Wednesday to market. In the evening, the last train, as usual, they dashed along the rugged bank of a mountain river, winding in amongst the hills. But soon the picture was changed; turning a curve in the road, in full career, the engine left the rails, and cutting deeply into the embankment, rolled on its side, after continuing just a sufficient time in progress to break the shock of the carriage. There was a awful cry of lamentation, a wild wailing, a hurried scurry; men and women seeking to clamber through the opening above the locked doors, too intent on personal safety to think of anything else. Most were bruised, and all were frightened. While messengers were dispatched to the nearest station, others searched along the route for the cause of the mishap. It was soon found. The cause of the accident was a curve, and the rail nearest the river had been forcibly removed. The mis-

creant—for it was seen that a villain's hand had been there—had fortunately been ignorant of mechanics. He had taken up the rail nearest the ravine—for I have omitted to mention that there was a steep precipice at this point—and naturally thought that the train, would have tumbled over. The rail next to the river was the "safe" one, and so the engine simply ploughed along toward the scarp of the mountain.

When the details of this lucky escape reached me, I felt that my reputation was at stake. This was evidently No. Three of the diabolical attempts of the same hand. The first inquiry naturally was, who drove the train? and one of two questions of similar character put me in possession of the fact that the driver of this train, and the driver of the coal train at the time the trucks were thrown off the track, was one and the same person.

Now, then, for the driver, said I, and marched to his lodgings. I found him a quiet, inoffensive young fellow, and not a likely man to have a malignant enemy. He was unmarried, and somewhat fresh as to his duties on this line, not having been in the position very long. We at once touched on the subject of the accident, but I found he was quite as sea as to the cause.

"Have you an enemy," said I, "or any one that entertains malice against you?"

No; he thought not.

"You are unmarried, I believe?"

Yes; he was.

"Courting, perhaps," I suggested.

He confessed to the soft impeachment.

"Have you any objections to tell me who the lady is?" I inquired; "for we police officers are sometimes obliged to override delicate scruples. He mentioned the name of a young lady residing at a farm house six miles down the valley, and within half a mile of the scene of the accident. I drew a long breath, but kept my own counsel.

"Oh, so, the damsel lives there, does she? Now, has she any other sweethearts besides yourself?"

He thought there had been one, a carpenter; but, quoth the driver, commenced striking an ineffectual board, "She was no longer now but me."

"Where does this carpenter reside?"

"About half a mile from the farm," he answered.

With this I left, fully satisfied now that I was on the trail.

The morning after, and at the scene of the accident, I had found a large, thick stake, cut evidently from the adjoining wood. This had been used to prize up the rail from the sleeper. Examining it minutely, I saw that it had been cut recently, and that with a notched knife.

So, with this idea uppermost, I started on the mission, and after a pleasant ride, reached the little hamlet where the carpenter lived. The district is very mountainous and rugged, and as I mounted the winding road towards the house, I could distinctly hear the monotone of the river near which so narrow a escape had taken place. Yonder was the scene of the crime! Here? The door was opened by my knock, and by the carpenter himself, a cool, self-possessed young man, who seemed to read my errand in a moment, yet asked me what I wanted, without the change of a muscle. I entered into the little room, and told him that I had a suspicion he could enlighten me on the cause of the accident.

No, he couldn't; he had heard of it, like the rest.

Would he allow me to search him?

Certainly; and forthwith various things were in my hand. On his person I found two pocket knives, either of which would have served to cut the stake.

As I paused a moment, and held them in my hand, he heedlessly observed: "That knife," pointing to one, "I only put in my pocket this morning, as I generally keep it at home."

I opened the knife; the blade was notched—and looking up from the article to the carpenter, caught his eye. We knew one another in a moment, but he accompanied me to the town tranquilly enough. At the trial, the knife figured in evidence; various corroborating facts satisfied the jury of his guilt; he was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation.

It turned out afterwards that he loved the farm girl, and was incited by jealousy to the act which so nearly caused so frightful an accident.

For all I know, the driver still dwells in single blessedness, for the maid is still a maid, as rosy cheeked as ever, and it is said, is waiting for the carpenter's return!

Rev. J. J. West, of Winchester, England, has refused to read the burial service over the corpse of a man who was washed up at sea, because "he did not know whether he had been baptized!"

A roll of papyrus, exhumed from the ruins of Luxor, has been found to contain pleadings at the Greek bar three centuries anterior to the birth of Jesus Christ.

Barnum, since the Connecticut election, has determined to add two new acquisitions to his collection: a "How it was Done," and "The Thing that Did it."

Barnum may be a pious man, but he failed to make his "election sure."

Andrew Johnson talks through his nose.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE SECOND WIFE.

They told me he had been before,  
Another's heart than mine,  
And told his first and deepest love  
Upon no other shrine.

They told me he had been before,  
If I may tell you true,  
With one who held no sacred still,  
Remembrance of the past.

I needed not my back be lashed  
With his, as his with mine,  
And need not hold an aching heart  
That mine—a second love.

I knew that he had loved and lost  
What life may be of give back  
The flowers that bloom in freshness now,  
Have withered in his track.

I knew that he—no angel called—  
Looked not from you like heaven,  
A watcher at the earth-bound soul  
From which he was not free.

Together do we oft recall  
The dream of our young years;  
Nor do I love him less to know  
He once had cause for tears.

More than I, I that it hath been  
My boy's appointed fate,  
To watch the "chance of home,"  
In which his soul may break.

(From the Toledo Blade.)

**THE RADICAL CHANGE—A Slight Alteration in the Name and Policy of Mr. Naby's "Institoot."**  
April 22, 1867.

Times change, and men change just as fast as time. I should like to see the times with kin change faster than I kin; but this kin shift I her bin forced to make rather took my breath. It was said, den. The Connecticut election didn't do us much good, after all. We felt well over it for perhaps a day, but we began to get other indications from the North, we didn't just see how that little spirit was a gain to help us. Cincinnati went abashed stronger than ever, Chicago ditto, and most everywhere the Democratic roster was flattened. The cabinet, when they heard of Deekin Pogran's assault upon the nigger, on the recent vote of the intelligence on the election news, notified me officially that a republishing of such a story would be equivalent to a republishing of the same, even the post office should be discontinued. "THE NIGRO VOTE MUST BE CAPTURED," IS THE EX-AMPHAL. WASH. HANCOCK SEE SO," wrote Randall to me, and I reprimanded the Deekin for his recklessness, and borrowed four dollars of Bascom, who is the only man in the vicinity who has any ready money, to make it all right with him.

We held a meeting at the Directors and Faculty of the Southern Military and Classic Institoot, last evening, to decide what course that institoot was to take in the great work of surrounding the Ethiopian and attaching us him to us. In such a time as this, as I mentioned to Captain McPetter, it was for our interest to learn to stand back.

These great leaders, the makers of public opinion, must be ex progressive, ex progressive, and must change like other things, to meet the requirements of the times. We her comment our march into Africa, and thus far her we gone into the bowels of the land without a republishing, to speak us as perseverers. Let us capcher the Ethiopian, and ask all.

The meeting was held in the back room of Bascom's, owing to the fact that it was raining, and the roof of the Post Office leaks. I had an appropriation some time since from the Department, for repairs; but being in doubt whether it was intended for repairs on the Post Office or the Postmaster, I gave the printer the benefit of the doubt, and got a new pair of boots. I could better endorse the inevitable inconvenience on occasional rain, than go barefoot.

I made a statement of the case, and rejected a radical change in the institoot. Captain McPetter agreed with me. He felt that these beats bin that complete hearty recognition of our African brethren which they ought to be. He had on several occasions allowed his natural vivacity to get the better of his prudence, and had wedded into em alarm. The old jive of Ham and Hager and Onimimus had bin so drilled into him in his youth, that he had to wrangle with it to keep it in control, and in spite of his himself it frequently got the better of him. He rejected that the same of the institoot be changed from.

"The Southern Military and Classic Institoot."

"The Ham and Japheth Free Academy, for the development of the intellect of all races irrespective of color."

That be that word אשר the required end. The colored gentlemen who chose to avail themselves of the privilege afforded by this institoot, when it is finished, bin find in this no cause of complaint. They are recognized. They are given the precedence. They stand first in the matter, and foremost. Was more kin they ask?

Bascom had a series of resolutions which he desired to present. He said it was his looked upon as strange that he should favor the construction of free nig-

## Useful and Curious.

### Cold Drinks in Hot Weather.

Many people come to sudden deaths by using cold drinks in hot weather. An exchange says: So long as they can take a cold drink, a majority of the people care very little what they drink, although physicians and sensible people are annually killed by too frequent or injudicious use of cooling beverages during the heat of summer. For the benefit of our readers, we recently applied to an eminent physician for an opinion upon the subject, and a prescription that would most readily meet the requirements of thirty people during the warm weather.

Ginger, said the doctor, I consider the very best article, most easily procured, and least expensive for all persons to employ. By its proper use, they may have cold water in abundance, and at the same time avoid most if not all the ill effects produced by the cooling abominations a great many people pour down their throats in hot weather. Tell your readers, continued the physician, to buy a few ounces of powdered ginger; and, every time they are thirsty, let them mix half a teaspoonful in the cold water they desire to drink. If a spoonful of sugar and molasses is added, it will do no harm. Extract of ginger may also be employed by those who prefer the article in that form. A bottle of the extract should be placed near the pitcher of "cooler," and, when people drink, let them pour a teaspoonful of the extract in their tumbler before filling it with water. For my use, said the doctor, I prefer the powdered article, because I think it acts more beneficially. In the West Indies, this root is considered one of the best preventives for the summer complaints of the tropics, when it is properly used.

**How to Double the Value of Sawed Shingles.**—Fir, hemlock and some other kinds of shingles can be made to last about twice as long as usual, by immersing them for a few minutes in strong lime water, which has about as much salt as will readily dissolve in it. Old meat or fish pickle will answer. In proof of this, you will find that any old piece of a mortar pen, or any wood impregnated with lime, will not rot readily. I have known common fir shingles, prepared as above, to last well, rising twenty years, on the side of a roof of a building, whereas, the other side, shingled with sawed cedar, without being put in lime water, did not last as long. No sawed shingle will last as long as shaved. My father's house was shingled, 37 years ago, with shaved pine, the north side hardly needing reshingling yet. It might be a benefit to many of your readers to hear from others who have tried the above named experiment, for it is quite an extra cost to re-shingle once in eight or twelve years.—Maine Farmer.

**KNOWLEDGE.**—The following should be published at least once a week: Many persons who use kerosene or coal oil lamps, are in the habit, when going to bed or leaving the room for a time, of turning the wick down low, in order to save a trifle of the consumption of oil. The consequence is that the air of the room soon becomes vitiated by the unburned oil vapors of the gas produced by combustion, and also by minute particles of smoke and soot which are thrown off. Air thus poisoned is deadly in its effects, and the wonder is that more persons are not immediately and fatally injured by breathing it. Irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs, headache, dizziness and nausea, are among its effects.

**PASTE FOR READY USE.**—Mortgage made from gum arabic is good for many purposes, but rather costly. A cheap kind, and better adapted for pasting newspaper, is made of gum tragacanth. A few cents' worth may be procured at a druggist's, and will last years. Place a stream of the gum half an inch thick in the bottom, and fill it two-thirds with rain-water. In a few hours it will be ready for use, and will last several weeks in hot weather without injury.

**SOLVENT FOR OLD PUTTY AND PAINT.**—Soft soap mixed with a solution of potash or caustic soda; or pearlash and slaked lime mixed with sufficient water to form a paste. Either of these laid on with a brush or rag and left for some hours, will render it easily removed.

It is said that in choosing horses which are used upon the pavements of Boston, a cushion of India rubber has of late been placed between the shoe and hoof with very satisfactory results.

Twenty-five years ago woolen rags were worth twenty dollars a ton, and were used for many purposes. They were now sold for two cents a ton, and were made again into cloth.

## The Fun of the Thing.

### THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

MISS CUT: MISS CUT: we language dost I come English speak:  
For thou art sure I speak him right,  
So say I pass mistake.

For you I say I want my hair,  
I mean not longer hair;  
But wouldst thou say that hair side upon,  
You say I pass mistake.

Do you say I want a building,  
Do you say I want a house;  
But wouldst thou say that hair side upon,  
You say I pass mistake.

Do you say I want a house,  
Do you say I want a house;  
But wouldst thou say that hair side upon,  
You say I pass mistake.

Do you say I want a house,  
Do you say I want a house;  
But wouldst thou say that hair side upon,  
You say I pass mistake.

**A MIXIN' OF BABIES.**—Some time ago, there was a dancing party given "up North;" most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to watch the young ones while the parents indulged in a "break-down." No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous devils, than they stripped the infants, and changed their clothes, giving the apparel of one to another. The dances over, it was time to go home; and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby in the dress of her own, and started for their homes, some of them ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following, there was a tremendous row in the settlement; mothers discovered that a single night had changed the sex of their babies—observation disclosed physical phenomena, and then commenced one of the tallest female pedestrianism. Living miles apart, it required two days to unmix the babies, and as many months to restore the women to their natural serene dispositions. To this day, it is unsafe for any of the baby mixers to venture into the territory.

A correspondent tells the following story of one of the farmers in the vicinity of Calpeper, whose possession lay in a district where both armies foraged: The old chap, one day, while surveying the fields, the streaks in the soil where his fence once stood, remarked, with much feeling: "I ain't took no sides in this here rebellion, but I'll be dog-goned if both sides ain't took me!"

The following testimony of a freedman in a Georgia Court is rich: "I know no mo' dis; de perpetrator, de commanders and de alliesments sent me on for to answer to de corn. I delivered de corn at William's stable, and disclaimed, 'Here's Moscovy's corn.' Day sent on de answer all de prentice ob de circumstances knowd by de draymen."

A negro in Pennsylvania lately gave his idea of faith in God's promises, in the following words: "Dar is a brick wall, and de Lord he stand there, and say to me, 'Now, I want you to go too dat.' I ain't a-gwine to say, 'Lord, I can't. I got a wife to do about it. All I have to do is to be agin it, and it's de Lord's business to put me too.'"

The Indiana Asylums of several of our neighboring States have been filled with persons who became crazy because they couldn't solve this riddle:

**Bed.**  
The explanation is, "a little dark e (darky) in bed, with nothing over it."

Curran, the witty Irish hawker, was pleading the cause of a certain Miss Tickle. The judge was also a bit of a wit; and Curran opened his case with: "Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord." The judge interrupted him with: "Tickle her yourself, Curran; you're as well able to do it as I am."

When Madge was a very little girl, her father found her chubby face full of the blossoms of a choice tea-rose on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of those flowers without leave?" "Yes, papa," said Madge, innocently; "but all these had leave."

A Dutchman and a Frenchman prided themselves on the English they had acquired in a short time. The Dutchman, with a view of trying his friend on grammar, asked him: "Does it rain to-morrow?" To which the Frenchman replied: "We guess it rai."

The man on the river who declares that the water is now as high as at any time this year, because it stands at the mark he made upon the flat-bank, has struck the level of about half the reasoning of the world.

A little girl in one of the Gloucester public schools, being asked, in the course of her geographical lesson, what a waterfall was, replied that it was "a hair wrapped around her dad's old stocking."

Adah Isaacson is said to exhibit the sublimity of pining.

## For the Farmer.

### Seed Corn.

Perhaps there is no one subject that should be of greater interest to the farmer than that of producing and selecting the best seed corn. To produce the best, select a piece of ground not less than thirty rods from any growing corn; plant it 4x4 with the best selection you can get of such variety as you desire; cultivate well, leave not more than three stalks in a hill, and at any time previous to the setting or blooming, if there should be any stalks (which there will be—have lies the great secret) indifferent with regard to developing their proper size, form or color, pull them out of the ground. Do this by pulling square out from the nearest stalk to the one drawn. Then, as soon as you can get hold of the top of the tassel, pull out about one-third of the tassels in the patch. This insures a more vigorous growth in those ears from which you will select seed for the next season.

To select the best seed, choose the longest and most perfect ears, the grain carrying itself well to the cob, the berries long; the "eyes" broad, deep and well carried up, the nearer the crown the better. When there are two ears on the stalk, select the upper one, and refuse about one-fourth from the point of the ear. The grain or kernel is fertilized from the flower or pollen of the tassel. If you select a large ear of corn from a field of bunnies or small ears, you will get only what kernels were impregnated from the stalk the ear grew on. Thus, if you plant from a field that has small ears or bunnies, all things being equal, you grow all large corn. When preparing to plant and to obtain the largest yield, it is preferable to use equal parts of two from varieties.

### Early Tomatoes.

To have early tomatoes, do not set out the plants too early. This, doubtless, sounds strangely to some, but the principle is a good one. All observant tomato growers are aware of the fact that the blossoms of the tomato, after transplanting, usually drop off, and with them, of course, perishes the hope of early fruit. To obviate this, let the plants remain in the hot-bed (or my method presupposes a hot-bed) until the fruit has set on them. Set out the plants on a wet day, in May, and if necessary, near the end of the month, that fact need not alarm. To render the process still more certain, after plants are, say from eight to ten inches high, put them each in a flower pot, and let them have a vigorous start before the final transplanting is done. When ready to transplant from the pots to the bed, the operation can be performed without injuring the stems, roots, and if the plants have been gradually hardened by leaving the frames off in mild weather, they will not wither or suffer any drawback from a complete and full exposure to the open air in beds.

**TAMING BEES.**—The whole art of "taming bees" is embodied in the following: 1st. A honey bee filled with "figid sweets" will not steal of its own accord. 2d. Bees, when frightened, will generally fill themselves with honey, and if given liquid sweets, will invariably accept them. 3d. Bees may be frightened thus: By blowing upon them the smoke of punk, tobacco or cotton rags. 4d. By confining them to the hive, and scraping the sides of it lightly with a small stick. At first, the bees will fly to get out, but finding that impossible, they will then make to their stores, and fill themselves with honey.—See *Keeper's Test Book*.

**WHITENING FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.**—An old farmer in the Germantown Telegraph says: The practice of coating the bark of fruit and ornamental trees with whitewash, is so common that no one would suspect that it cannot be too severely deprecated. The objections of the prescribers, organs and orifices, whether affected by application of whitewash or any other artificial material, always stand on a fraudulent course of disease, and in time prove fatal to the tree. When the bark becomes rough, or incriminated with moss, it should be cleaned by scraping and washing down thoroughly with a solution of potash or soda in water, affording convenience to the surface without obstructing the pores.

**TRANSPLANTING TREES.**—It is a good plan to mark the north side of the tree with red chalk before they are lifted out of the ground, so that when they are set in the ground, their natural position, a large proportion would be lost, leaving the tree in the state of a sapling. If the north side is exposed to the south, the best of the sun is too great for that side of the tree to bear, and therefore it dries up and decays.

**DRY HAY FOR COWS.**—Some of our Cows sometimes get a surplus of grass, especially in wet, warm weather, when the grass is succulent and rich. This food tends to the bowels, and sometimes to the stomach, and a dry hay, or a few stalks of corn, will serve to absorb some of the moisture, and benefit the cow in several ways.

The Rural World, strongly commends pruning of grape vines in the fall.